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COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,

TO BE USED
IN
ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH,

SALFORD.

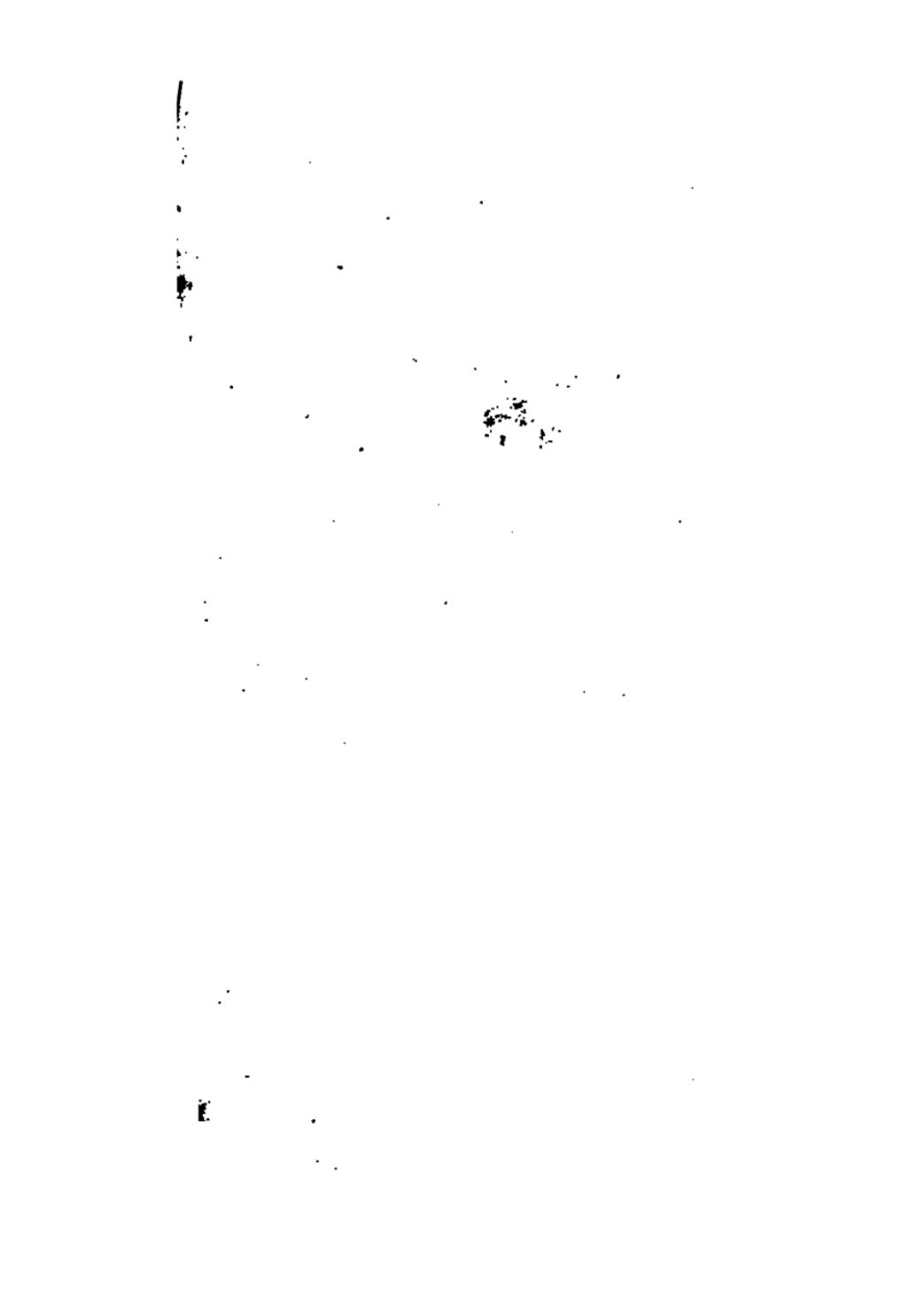
—
By the Rev. N. MOSLEY CHEEK.
—

LET THE WORD OF CHRIST DWELL IN YOU RICHLY
IN ALL WISDOM; TEACHING AND ADMONISHING
ONE ANOTHER IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS, AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS; SINGING WITH GRACE IN
YOUR HEARTS TO THE LORD COL. III. 16.

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PSALMS.

PSALM VIII.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heaven thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant-tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 What's man, O Lord, that thus ~~thou~~ lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind?
- 4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 5 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

P S A L M I X .

1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works
Thy wond'rrous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high !
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
That on his help relied.

4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

P S A L M X V .

1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue despairs to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

3 Who

3 Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Or hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect:
 And piety though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And though he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.

6 The man who by his steady course
 Has happiness insur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M X V I I I .

1 **N**O change of times should ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty power:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safe-guard and my tower.

3 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
 The rock, on whose defence I rest:
 O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
 Who me with his salvation blest!

P S A L M XXIII. O. V.

1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need:
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame;
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

4 Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

P S A L M XXIV.

1 **E**RECT your heads, eternal gates:
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! He comes
With his celestial train.

2 Who is the King of glory! who?
The Lord for strength renown'd,
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
In state to entertain

The King of glory: see! He comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

1 **T**HY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee:
And, for thy wond'rous goodnes sake,
In mercy think on me.

3 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

4 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction feek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

5 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
 In joyful concert meet;
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth abound;
 He justice loves; and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.

4 Our souls on God with patience wait;
 Our help and shield is he;
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in thee.

5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

1 **T**HROUGH all the various scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy;
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O ! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name:
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

4 O ! make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

P S A L M XXXVI.

1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day;
 O! let thy saints thy favour gain;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

P S A L M XXXIX.

1 **L** ORD, let me know my term of days,
 How soon my life will end;
 The num'rous train of ills disclose,
 Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, thou know'st is but a span,
 A cypher sums my years,
 And ev'ry man in best estate,
 But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
 With fruitless cares oppres'd;
 He heaps up wealth but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be posses'd.

4 Why then should I on worthles toys
 With anxious care attend?
 On thee alone my stedfast hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.

P S A L M XLII.

1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chace;

So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs,
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

- 1 **L**ET me with light and truth be blest ;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM LXIII.

1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning prayers shall offer'd be;
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

2 **O**! to my longing eyes once more,
 That view of glorious power restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays:
 Because to me thy wond'rous love,
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ,
 With lifted hands adore his name:
 My soul's content shall be as great,
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
 And when I wake in dead of night:
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXVI.

1 **L** ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise;
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works, art thou!
 To thy great power thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.

3 Thro' all the earth, the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess;
 And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
 Of thy great name exp'res.

4 O! come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wond'rous judgments shewn.

P S A L M L X V I . P . 2 .

1 O All ye nations, bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise;
 Who keeps our soul alive, and still
 Confirms our stedfast ways.

2 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;
 Attend with heedful care,
 Whilst I what God for me has done,
 With grateful joy declare.

3 As I before his aid implor'd,
 So now I praise his name;
 Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
 Would all my prayers disclaim.

4 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
 His gracious ear did bend;
 And to the voice of my request,
 With constant love attend.

5 Then bleſt'd for ever be my God,
 Who never, when I pray,
 With-holds his mercy from my soul,
 Nor turns his face away.

P S A L M L X V I I .

1 **T**O bleſt thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine :

2 That fo thy wond'rous way
 May through the world be known ;
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy falvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
 Dissolv'd in pious mirth ;
 For thou the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

6 Then God upon our land
 Shall conſtant bleſſings shower ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his refiſtless power.

P S A L M L X V I I . O . V .

1 **H**AVE mercy on us, Lord,
And grant to us thy grace:
To shew to us, do thou accord,
The brightness of thy face.

2 That all the earth may know
The way to godly wealth:
And all the nations here below
May see thy saving health.

3 Let all the world, O God,
Give praise unto thy name:
And let the people all abroad
Extol and laud the same.

4 Throughout the world so wide
Let all rejoice with mirth;
For thou with truth and right dost guide
The nations of the earth.

5 Let all the world, O God,
Give praise unto thy name;
And let the people all abroad
Extol and laud the same.

6 Then shall the earth increase,
Great store of fruit shall fall,
And then our God, the God of peace,
Shall ever bless us all.

P S A L M L X V I I I .

1 **T**O God your voice in anthems raise;
Jehovah's awful name he bears;

In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

2 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world, compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

3 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd;
He is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 WHOM Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I besides thee can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aking heart,
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

3 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

4 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wond'rous works declare.

P S A L M LXXVII. O. V.

1 **I** Will regard and think upon
The working of the Lord:
And all his wonders past and gone,
I gladly will record.

2 Yea, all his works I will declare,
And what he did devise:
To tell his facts I will not spare,
And all his counsels wise.

3 Thy works, O Lord, are all upright,
And holy all abroad:
What one hath strength to match the might
Of thee, the Lord our God?

4 Thou art a God that dost forth show
Thy wonders every hour:
And so dost make thy people know
Thy virtue and thy power.

P S A L M LXXXIV.-

1 **O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee the living God.

3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !

4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has tl
 Their sure protection made;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead !

5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
 Will grace and glory give;
 And no good thing will he with-hold
 From them that justly live.

P S A L M . LXXXIV . O . V .

1 HOW pleasant is thy dwelling-place
 O Lord of Hosts, to me?
 The tabernacles of thy grace,
 How pleasant, Lord, they be !

2 My soul doth long full sore to go
 Into thy courts abroad;
 My heart and flesh cry out also
 For thee the living God.

3 Oh they be blessed that may dwell
 Within thy house always:
 For they all times thy facts do tell,
 And ever give thee praise.

4 Yea, happy sure likewise are they,
 Whose stay and strength thou art:
 Who to thy house do mind the way,
 And seek it in their heart.

5 From strength to strength they go full fast,
 No faintness there shall be:
 And so the God of gods at last
 In Sion they do see.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell:
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 For thy stupendous truth and love,
 Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.

3 What seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
 Or who among the gods of earth,
 With our almighty Lord compare?

4 With rev'rence and religious dread,
 His servants to his house should press:
 His fear through all their hearts should spread,
 Who his almighty name confess.

5 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
 Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign:
 Possess of absolute command,
 Thou truth and mercy dost maintain!

P S A L M XCV.

1 **O** Come, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty King,
 When

For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past:
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that reach the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyfs
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

P S A L M XCVII.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 You,

2 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
 Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem:
 He'll keep his servants souls entire,
 And them from wicked hands redeem.

3 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
 A future harvest for the just;
 And gladness for the heart that's right
 To recompence his pious trust.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your faithful tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

Cantate Domino.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wonderous things has done;
 With his right-hand and holy arm
 The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through the astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathens, sight.

3 Of Israel's house, his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been:
 Wide earth's remotest parts the power
 Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their maker's praise.

P S A L M C. O. V.

1 **A** ll people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed!
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do:

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

P S A L M C III.

1 **M** Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move;
 His willing mercy flies apace.

4 God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part;
 And loves his punishment to guide,
 More by his love than our desert.

5 As high as heaven it's arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay;
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small regards that we can pay.

6 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd;
 Who, with a father's tender breast,
 Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.

P S A L M C I V. O. V.

1 **M**Y soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name:
 O Lord, our great God, how dost thou appear
 So passing in glory, that great is thy fame;
 Honour and majesty in thee shines most clear!

2 With light as a robe thou hast thyself clad;
 Whereby all the earth thy greatness may see:
 The heavens in such fort thou also hast spread,
 That they to a curtain compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
 Which as his chariots, are made him to bear;
 And

And there with much swiftness his course doth
endure,
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

4 He maketh his spirits as heralds to go,
And light'nings to serve we see also prest :
His will to accomplish they run to and fro,
To save and consume things, as seemeth him best.

5 By angels in heaven of every degree,
And saints upon earth all praiie be address'd,
To God in three persons, one God ever bles'd;
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

P S A L M . C X I X . P . 5 . H E .

1 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart ;
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart ;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

P S A L M C X I X . P . 17 . P E .

1 **T**HE very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays:
And knowledge of true happiness
To simple minds conveys.

2 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

3 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.

4 Directed by thy heav'nly word,
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

P S A L M C X X X .

1 **M**Y soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

2 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray;
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day.

C

3 Let

3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plent'ous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

4 Whose friendly streams to us,
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXV.

1 O Praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts,
With humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1 T O God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:

For God does prove
 Our constant friend;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wond'rous power
 All other gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 This grateful homage pay:
 For God, &c.

3 By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought;
 The heav'ns, by his command,
 Were to perfection brought:
 For God, &c.

4 He spread the ocean round
 About the spacious land;
 And made the rising ground
 Above the waters stand:
 For God, &c.

5 Through heav'n he did display
 His num'rous hosts of light;
 The sun to rule by day,
 The moon and stars by night:
 For God, &c.

6 He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live;
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give:
 For God will prove
 Our constant friend;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising-up and lying-down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thy eye my bed and paths surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light:
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

P S A L M CXLV. P. I.

1 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim:

This

This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever blest thy name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works expres';
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confes.

Veni Creator Spiritus. P. I.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God!
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

2 Visit our minds, and into us
Thy heav'ly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

3 Thou art the very Comforter
In all grief and distress:
The heav'ly gift of God most high,
Which no tongue can expres:

4 The fountain, and the living spring
 Of joy celestial :
 The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
 And unction spiritual.

5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
 Whereby Christ's church doth stand ;
 In faithful hearts writing thy law,
 The finger of God's hand.

6 According to thy promise made,
 Thou givest speech with grace :
 That through thy help God's praises may
 Resound in every place.

Veni Creator Spiritus. P. 2.

1 **O** Holy Ghost, into our souls
 Send down thy heav'nly light ;
 Inflame our hearts, with fervent love,
 To serve God day and night.

2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
 Which feeble is and frail :
 That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
 Against us may prevail.

3 Our enemies put far from us,
 And help us to obtain
 Peace in our hearts with God and man,
 The best and truest gain.

4 And grant, O Lord, that thou being
 Our leader and our guide,
 We may escape the snares of sin,
 And never from thee slide.

5 Such

5 Such measures of thy powerful grace
 Grant, Lord, to us, we pray;
 That thou may'st be our Comforter
 At the last dreadful day.

Prayer to the Holy Ghost, to be sung before Sermon. p. 1.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
 The Comforter of all:
 Teach us to know thy word aright,
 That we may never fall.

2 O Holy Ghost, visit our land,
 Defend us with thy shield:
 Against all sin and wickedness,
 Lord, help us win the field.

3 O Lord, preserve our king, and bleſſ
 His counſel, that they may
 Be ſtedfaſt in the goſpel of
 Our Saviour Chriſt alway.

4 O Lord, that giv'ſt thy holy word,
 Send preachers plenteouſly:
 That in the fame we may accord,
 And therein live and die.

The following Versions are more modern.

P S A L M X I X.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:

2 The

2 The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.

P S A L M XXIII.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landkip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderneis shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M X C I I .

Sabbath Day.

1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
 To shew thy love by morning-light,
 And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares should seize my breast;
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn found!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his work, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 I soon shall see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below:
And all my powers find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M C.

Jubilate Deo.

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M C X V I I I .

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's ~~name~~
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M C X X X I I .

1 **W**E too the joyful sound have heard,
That God is coming to his place;
Here in the wilderness prepar'd;
Our Lord a holy church shall raise.

2 For

2 For this our willing soul shall go,
 And lowly at his footstool lie,
 Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
 And for a glorious temple cry.

3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
 Thou, and thy ark of perfect power,
 God over all, for ever blest,
 Thee, Jesu, let our hearts adore.

4 Thy priests be cloath'd with righteousness,
 Thy praise their happy lives employ,
 The saints in thee their all posses,
 And shout the sons of God for joy.

5 O for our Lord, and Saviour's sake,
 Us, thy anointed ones receive,
 In the Belov'd accepted make,
 And bid us to thy glory live.

PSALM CXXXIII. P. 2.

1 **G**RACE every morning new,
 And every night, we feel;
 The soft refreshing dew,
 That falls from Hermon's hill!
 On Zion it doth sweetly fall,
 The grace of one descends on all.

2 Even now our Lord doth pour
 The blessing from above,
 A kindly, gracious shower
 Of heart-reviving love,
 The former and the latter rain,
 The love of God, and love of man.

3 In him when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless;
 His grace and Spirit to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.

4 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are given,
 To Zion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven;
 He fills them with his choicest store,
 He gives them life for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

1 **Y**E servants of God, whose diligent care
 Is ever employ'd in watching and prayer;
 With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,
 Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.

2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,
 And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows:
 And while ye are giving your Maker his due,
 The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise!
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown;

D

His

His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd his starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'ly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

P S A L M C X L V.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employs my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thy ear :
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
 Thy mercy swift, thy anger flow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine;
 Let Britain round her shores proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
 Vast and immortal be thy praise!

P S A L M C X L V. 7, &c.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly king!
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee, for daily food;
 Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord
 How flow thy anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word
 To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
 But we, who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to blefs thy name.

P S A L M C X L V . 14, &c.

1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness sp
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distrest,
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
 And guides our giddy youth;
 Holy and just are all thy ways;
 And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants fe
 Thou hear'st thy children cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere;
 Thou fav'st the souls, whose humble
 Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad:
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God!

P S A L M . C X L V I .

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He gives the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise;
 His nature and his works invite
 'To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'ly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names:
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky,
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
 The sprightly man or warlike horse?
 The piercing wit, the active limb?
 All are too mean delights for [redacted]

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight!
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

Te Deum Laudamus. P. 1.

1 WE praise our God with one accord,
 Thee we confess to be the Lord;

The

The spacious earth adores thy name,
Father of everlasting fame.

- 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heav'ns, and all the pow'rs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim
Continual songs of praise proclaim.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Great God of fabaoth! (they record)
With splendour of thy glory spread,
Is heaven and earth replenished.
- 4 The apostle's glorious company
Praise thee, O God, perpetually;
The prophets also join to raise
The song of univerſal praise.
- 5 The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast;
The holy church throughout the earth
Acknowledge and extol thy worth.
- 6 Father of boundless Majestv!
Thy true and only Son most high!
Also the sweet Remembrancer,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter!

Te Deum Laudamus. p. 2.

1. **M**ESSIAH! joy of every heart,
Thou, Thou the King of glory art!
Thou art, before all time begun,
The Father's everlasting Son.

2. Thou,

2 Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb:
The pains of death o'ercome by thee
Made heaven to all believers free.

3 At God's right hand thou hast thy seat,
And in the Father's glory great,
We do believe that thou shalt come
To judge us, and to seal our doom.

4 Lord, help thy servants, whom (when
Thy blood redeem'd at so great cost;
Place them on everlasting thrones
Of glory, with thy holy ones..

5 Thy people, Lord, do thou protect,
And bleſs thy heritage elect,
Govern thy church, and, Lord, advan
For ever thy inheritance.

6 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence;
Lord I have put my trust in thee,
O let me not confounded be!

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this Day with

Te Deum.

2 **V**OUCHSAFE to keep me, Lord t
Without committing sin,
And with me let thy Spirit stay,
Till he is fixt within.

2 Thou canst from every sin secure;
 And is it not thy will
 Still to preserve thy servant pure
 From every touch of ill?

3 Whate'er I ask, the truth hath said,
 I surely shall receive :
 I ask to be made free indeed,
 And without sin to live.

4 Whate'er I ask in faith I have,
 As sure as God is true;
 My faithful God is strong to save,
 And he is ready too.

5 Willing he is that all should live
 From all their sins set free :
 Lord, I thy solemn word receive,
 Thy oath to rescue me.

6 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day,
 And every day from sin,
 Until thou take it all away,
 And bring thy nature in.

Te Deum Laudamus. P. I.

1 INFINITE God, to Thee we raise
 Our hearts, in solemn songs of praise;
 By all thy works on earth ador'd,
 We worship Thee, the common Lord,
 The everlasting Father own,
 And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings !
 Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
 And seraphs shout the ~~TRIUNE~~ GOD !
 And holy, holy, holy, cry,
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky !

3 God of the patriarchal race,
 The ancient seers record thy praise,
 The goodly apostolic band
 In highest joy and glory stand,
 And all the saints and prophets join
 To extol thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyr's noble host,
 Of Thee they justly make their boast ;
 The church to earth's remotest bounds
 Her heav'ly founder's praise resounds,
 And strive with those around the throne
 To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
 All might and love they render Thee,
 Thy true and only Son adore,
 The same in dignity and power,
 And God the Holy Ghost declare,
 The saints eternal Comforter.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

It is very meet, right, &c. Therefore, &c.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly king,
The God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join :
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD,
Eternal praise be thine !

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease :
Angels and archangels all
Praisè the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chaunt thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:

Thee

Thee they sing with glory crown'd;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
 Lower if our voices found,
 Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise
 Which gave thy son to die:
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n;
 'Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heav'n.

HYMN II.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and king:
 Meet in every time and place,
 To rehearse his solemn praise.

2 Join ye saints, the song around;
 Angels help the cheerful sound;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious thou our thanks receive;
 Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
 Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

4 Though th' injurious world exclaim,
 Sing we still in Jesu's name;
 Saviour, thee we ever blefs,
 Thee our Lord and God confess.

Glory be to God on high, and in earth, &c.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thy attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd;
Hail the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own;
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thy ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou:
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood!
Bow thy ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
 With thy glorious Sire art one;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee,
 One supreme, eternal Three.

H Y M N IV.

Christ's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
 Exerts its sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brats before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim:
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN V.

Grateful Recollection.—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Sacred mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's redeeming love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesu sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave Thee whom I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it, for thy courts above!

Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin souls arise,
 With all the dead awake,
 Unto salvation wife,
 Oil in your vessels take;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heav'ly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, He comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Made ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend,
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend;
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his spirit liv'd
 Obedient to his love,
 Jesus shall claim you for his Bride;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

Rev. i. 7.

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thou far

Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers :
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee
 High on thy eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thy own :
 Jah ! Jehovah !
 Everlasting God come down.

H Y M N VIII.

1 **H**E comes, He comes, the Judge severe !
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
 How welcome to the faithful soul !

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See th' almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face !

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !

4. Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most High,
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N IX.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
“ Glory to their new-born King :
“ Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
“ God and sinners reconcil’d.”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th’ angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

2 Christ, by highest heav’n ador’d,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin’s womb :
Veil’d in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th’ incarnate Deity !
Pleas’d as man with men t’ appear,
JESUS our IMMANUEL here.

3 Hail, the heav’n-born Prince of peace,
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings ;

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thy image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

H Y M N X.

1 **A** LL glory to God, And peace upon earth,
 Be publish'd abroad At Jesus's birth;
 The forfeited favour Of heaven we find
 Restor'd in the Saviour And friend to mankind.

2 Then let us behold Messias the Lord,
 By prophets foretold, By angels ador'd;
 Our God's incarnation With angels proclaim,
 And publish salvation In Jesus's name.

3 Our newly born king By faith we have seen,
 And joyfully sing His goodness to men,
 That all men may wonder At what we impart,
 And thankfully ponder His love in their heart.

4 What mov'd the Most High So greatly to stoop?
 He comes from the sky Our souls to lift up;
 That sinners forgiven Might sinless return
 To God and to heaven, Their Maker is born.

5 Immanuel's

5 Immanuel's love Let sinners confess,
 Who comes from above, To bring us his peace
 Let ev'ry believer His mercy adore,
 And praise him for ever, When time is no mor

H Y M N XI.

Matt. i. 21. Hag. ii. 7. Luke xvii. 21.

1 **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins relieve us,
 Let us find our rest in thee:
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art,
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thy own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thy all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

H Y M N XII.

1 **L**ET angels and archangels sing
 The wonderful immanuel's name,
 Adore with us our new-born King,
 And still the joyful news proclaim;
 All earth and heav'n be ever join'd
 To praise the Saviour of mankind.

2 T



2 The everlasting God comes down
 To sojourn with the sons of men;
 Without his majesty or crown
 The great Invisible is seen;
 Of all his dazzling glories shorn,
 The everlasting God is born!

3 Angels, behold that infant's face,
 With rapt'rous awe the Godhead own,
 'Tis all your heav'n on him to gaze,
 And cast your crowns before his throne;
 Though now he on his footstool lies,
 Ye know he built both earth and skies.

4 By him into existence brought,
 Ye sang the all-creating Word;
 Ye heard him call our world from nought;
 Again, in honour of your Lord,
 Ye morning stars, your hymns employ,
 And shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

H Y M N. XIII.

Isaiah ix. 6.

1 R EJOICE in Jesu's Birth!
 To us a Son is given,
 To us a Child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heav'n!
 His shoulder props the sky,
 This universe sustains!
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The King Messiah reigns!

2 Our Counsellor we praise
 Our Advocate above,
 Who



Who daily in his church displays
 His Miracles of love.
 The Almighty God is HE;
 Author of heav'nly bliss;
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious Prince of peace.

R Y M N XIV.

Frait Life, and succeeding Eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name !
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings !

Infinite joy, or endless woe
 Depends on ev'ry breath!
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O. Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God!

HYMN xv.

The Year of Release. Isaiah lxi. 1, 2.

¶ LL praise to the L O R D whose trumpet we hear,
 Which speaks in his word the festival year:
 he loud proclamation of freedom and thrall,
 and gospel salvation is publish'd to all.

he year of release ev'n now is begun,
 and pardon and peace with J E S U S sent down:
 ernal redemption through Him we obtain,
 and present exemption from passion and pain.

: spirits enflav'd your liberty claim,
 lieve, and be sav'd through J E S U S 's name:
 hat infinite Lover of sinners embrace,
 and gladly recover his forfeited grace.

ith joyfullest news your prisons resound,
 our fetters are loose, your souls are unbound:
 sume the possession for which ye were born,
 om satan's oppression to heaven return.

H Y M N XVI.

1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise!
 All praise to him belongs,
 Who kindly lengthens out our days
 Demands our choicest songs:
 Whose providence has brought us through
 Another various year,
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care,
 To thee presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have, or are;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours
 Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
 And all our consecrated powers
 A sacrifice to Thee;
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year
 The jubilee of heaven.

H Y M N XVII.

Psalm xc.

1 **O** God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

2 Un

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an ev'ning gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bear's all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.

7 Oh God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

H Y M N XVIII.

Where is he that is born King ? &c. Matt. ii. 2, 8.

1 **W**HERE is the holy heav'n-born child,
 Heir of the everlasting throne,
 F Who

Who heav'n and earth hath reconcil'd,
And God and man rejoin'd in one?

- 2 The Prince of peace on earth is found,
The Child is born, the Son is giv'n;
Tell it to all the nations round,
Jehovah is come down from heav'n.
- 3 JEHOVAH is come down to raise
His dying creatures from their fall!
And all may now receive the grace
Which brings eternal life to all.
- 4 Lord, we receive thy grace, and thee
With joy unspeakable receive,
And rise thy open face to see,
And one with God for ever live.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **S**TILL for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here in thy own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"
- 3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know?
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
 Thy image to retrieve;
 The veil of outward things pass through,
 And gasp in thee to live.

H Y M N XX.

Prayer for Power to withstand Temptation.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
 In this our evil day;
 To all thy tempted foll'wers give
 The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast,
 In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The spirit of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
 I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain top
 Behold thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
 And prayer in endless praise.

H Y M N XXI.

Watching in all Things.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care :
 On whom for all things I depend,
 Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that sure salvation brings ;
 If with me now thy Spirit stays,
 And hov'ring hides me in his wings.

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
 Nor for a moment's space depart ;
 Evil and danger turn away,
 And keep till he renew my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
 His voice behind me may I hear,
 "Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
 "Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
 Be still my comforter and guide ;
 Till all the hardness he remove,
 And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
 From nature's ev'ry path retreat;
 Thou art my way, my leader be,
 And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
 O reach me out thy gracious hand!
 Only on thee for help I call,
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

H Y M N XXI.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
 Assist me with thy heav'nly grace!
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.

2. O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free!
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue;
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glittering snares adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul;
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But thy pure love within my breast;
 This, only this will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

H Y M N XXII.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in persons three!
 Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
 By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
 To me, to all restore;
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove!
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
 The God of pard'ning love!

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd!

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me, through grace forgiv'n;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heav'n.

CHRIST our Refuge in Temptation.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

Thou

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in thee ?
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thy eternal love ?
- 2 Thee, only thee, I fain woul'd find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind :
 Thou, only thou, to me be giv'n,
 Of all thou hast in earth or heav'n.
- 3 When from the arm of flesh set free,
 Jesus, my soul shal' fly to thee :
 Jesus, when I have lost my all,
 I shall upon thy bosom fall..
- 4 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
 Ready the out-casts to receive :
 Though all my simpleness I own,
 And all my faults to thee are known.
- 5 Ah wherefore did I ever doubt !
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
 Oh lift the abject sinner up !
- 6 Lord, I am blind ; be thou my sight !
 Lord, I am weak ; be thou my might !
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee !

Repentance, and Faith in Christ. Psalm li.

1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my sins before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

*Christ's Compassion for the Tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16.
Matt. xii. 20.*

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Humiliation. 1 Peter v. 6.

1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy Throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is *Britain* spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!

Oh make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "forbear."

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Through this illumin'd isle!

What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile.

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!

What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

7 Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy abundant grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign

Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same.

- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all it's blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift it's fainting head:
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands,
The useless sword, the glitt'ring spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land,
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

H Y M N xxx.

There was darkness, &c. Matt. xxviii. 45.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in;
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, dy'd
 For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N XXXI.

The Vail of the Temple was rent. Matt. xxvii. 51.

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's vail in funder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul," he cries!
 See, where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head and dies.

G

4 But

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine!

H Y M N XXXII.

Lam. i. 12. John xix. 5.

1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man!
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you!
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue!

2 See how his back the scourges tear,
 While to the bloody pillar bound!
 The ploughers make long furrows there,
 Till all his body is one wound.

3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood
 His sacred limbs—expos'd, and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.

4 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns!
 His bleeding hands extended wide,
 His streaming feet, transfixed and torn!
 The fountain gushing from his side!

5 Where is the King of Glory now!
 The everlasting Son of God!
 The Immortal hangs his languid brow
 The Almighty faints beneath his load.

6 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!
 Oh cleanse me by thy precious blood,
 And fill me with thy dying love!

H Y M N XXXIII.

Is it nothing to you, &c. Lam. i. 12.

- 1 **A** LL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh:
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
 Your ransom and peace, your surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 For what you have done his blood must atone :
 The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
 The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 3 He answer'd for all, Oh come at his call,
 And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
 But lift up your eyes at Jesus's cries :
 Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.
- 4 For you and for me he pray'd on the tree ;
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
 The sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 5 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
 He purchas'd the grace, which now I embrace ;
 O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

1 **O** Love divine! What hast thou done!
 The immortal God hath died for me!
 The Father's co- eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree:
 The immortal God for me hath died;
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say was ever grief like his!
 Come feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side;
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream,
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think or speak beside,
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

1 **L** ET earth and heav'n agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;

To

To adore the sin-atonning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other name is found;
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above!
They eyermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And his glad heart exults for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion fin,
My poor expiring soul.
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

H Y M N XXXVI.

1 **T**HOUGH late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign:
G 3 Gracious

Gracious Redeemer, take, Oh take,
And seal me ever thine.

2 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

4 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heav'ly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

H Y M N XXXVII.

1 O H for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim!
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesu the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean:
 His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
 Your God, ye fallen race;
 Look, and be fav'd through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
 The Lamb of God was slain,
 His soul was once an offering made
 For ev'ry soul of man.

7 With me your chief you then shall know,
 Shall feel your sins forgiv'n;
 Anticipate your heav'n below,
 And own that love is heav'n.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song !
 Oh may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of blis,
 And came to earth to bleed and die !
 Was ever love like his !

4 O Lord,

4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee;
 May ev'ry heart with rapture fay,
 The Saviour died for me.

5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Come, for all things are now ready. Luke xiv. 17.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
 Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
 You need not one be left behind;
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:
 Come all the world, come, sinner, thou!
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive:
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live:
 Oh let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel:
 His conquering love consent to feel:
 Yield to his love's resistless power;
 And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace !

7 This is the time ; no more delay !
 This is your acceptable day :
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for him who dy'd for all.

HYMN XL.

1 **F**OREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died !

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thy own :
 Wash me, and mine thou art :
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

H Y M N X L I V .

1 **L**ET Him to whom we now belong,
 His sov'reign right assert,
 And take up ev'ry thankful song,
 And ev'ry loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own
 Who bought us with a price;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesu, thy own at last receive,
 Fulfil our heart's desire,
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours but thine
 To all eternity !

H Y M N X L V .

1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone;
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne!

We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he, that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

H Y M N XLVI.

1 **J**ESUS, I bless thy sacred name
For favours so divine;
All that I have, and all I am,
Shall be for ever thine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
Oh what delightful food!
Here is a balm for all my woe,
With every needful good.

3 Now may the God of boundless grace,
The God of hope and love,
Fill each believing soul with peace,
And ev'ry doubt remove.

H Y M N XLVII.

ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord!
His ransoming grace we gladly record;
His bloody oblation, his death on the tree
Hath purchas'd salvation in heaven for me.

H

2 Th

2 The Saviour hath dy'd for *me* and for *you*;
 The blood is apply'd, the record is true;
 The spirit bears witness, and speaks in the blood;
 And gives us the fitness for living with God.

H Y M N XLVIII.

1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day, Hallelujah!
 Sons of men and angels say: Hallelujah!
 Raise your joys and triumph high; Hallelujah!
 Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply. Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save,
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

H Y M N XLIX.

1 **J**ESUS Christ is ris'n to day;
 Sons of men and angels say,

Who so lately on the cross,
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

2 Hymns of praises let us sing
Unto Christ our heav'nly King,
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which he endur'd
Our salvation have procur'd ;
Now he reigns above the sky,
Where the Angels ever cry ;—Hallelujah.

L.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension. Psalm xxi. 7.

1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
“ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He ~~claims~~ the mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 “ Who is the King of glory, who ? ”
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 " Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
 " Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 " Who is the King of glory, who ?"
 The Lord of glorious power possesst,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 GOD OVER ALL, for ever blest.

H Y M N LI.

1 JESUS the Lamb of God hath bled,
 He bore my sins upon the tree !
 Beneath my curse he bow'd his head ;
 'Tis finish'd ! he hath dy'd for me.

2 For me I now believe he dy'd :
 He made my ev'ry crime his own ;
 Fully for me he satisfy'd :
 Father, well-pleas'd behold thy Son !

3 See where before the throne he stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer :
 Points to his fide, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there.

4 He ever lives for me to pray ;
 He prays that I with him may reign ;
 Amen to what my Lord doth say,
 Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

John xiv. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 JESUS, we on that word depend,
Spoken by thee while present here:
The Father in thy name will send
The HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER.
- 2 That Promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, ev'n us fulfil,
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.
- 3 That heav'ly teacher of mankind,
That guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.
- 4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each his legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.
- 5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
Oh might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with pow'r divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.
- 5 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity,
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee!

H Y M N LIII.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, Isaiah vi. 3.

1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heav'nly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore:
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

H Y M N LIV.

1 John iv. 16, 2 Cor. vi. 16.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation!
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Come

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive:
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

H Y M N LV.

The Spirit itself beareth witness; &c. Rom. viii. 16.

1 **W**HEN shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear?
 Pardon, and peace, and heav'nly joys
 Attend the promis'd Comforter:
 Oh! come, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ is mine.

2 Oh that the Comforter would come!
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul his lov'd abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

3 Come,

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
 Attest that I am born again:
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,
 Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
 Grant me the sense of sin forgiv'n:
 Oh give the earnest of my heav'n.

4 Grant the undubitable seal
 That ascertains the kingdom mine?
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine!
 Oh shed it in my heart abroad!
 Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

H Y M N LVI.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'r's;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosanna's languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Father, shall we then ever live
 At this poor dying rate?

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN LVII.

Receive ye the Holy Ghost. John xx. 23.

1 **S**EE, Jefus, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd:
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here:
But Oh thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live:
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek Oh may we meet!
Jefus, the crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet;
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause

6 Cause us the record to receive!
 Speak, and the tokens flew!
 " Oh! be not faithless, but believe
 In him who died for you!"

H Y M N L V I I I .

Rom. viii. 15, 16.

1 **W**HEN shall I see the welcome hour
 That plants my God in me!
 Spirit of health, and life, and power,
 And perfect liberty!

2 Jesus, thy all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad!
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixt in God.

3 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
 The stone to flesh convert;
 Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
 An adamantine heart.

4 Oh that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow!
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow!

5 Oh that it now from heav'n might fall,
 And all my sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
 Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
 And sanctify the whole.

7. Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
 While enter'd into rest ;
 I only live my God t' admire,
 My God for ever blest.

H Y M N LIX.

God our Light in Darkness.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shrews his mercy mine,
 And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.

H Y M N L X.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it
 Eph. ii. 18.

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
 Who makes thy anger cease ;
 Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
 And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory giv'n,
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
 Adore the eternal God,
 And spread his honours and their joys,
 Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
 One general song to raise,
 Let faints in earth and heav'n combine,
 In harmony and praise.

The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 14.

- 1 O H for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their blis, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujah's rise;
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

H Y M N L X I I I .

Fellowship.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our pray'r is heard.

2 Make us into one spirit drink;
 Baptize into thy name;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.

3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree;
 And ever towards each other move,
 And ever move towards thee.

4 To thee inseparably join'd
 Let all our spirits cleave;
 Oh may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive.

H Y M N L X I I I I .

John xiv. 18.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 Oh bid it all depart !

2 If to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctify'd.

HYMN LXIV.

Fellowship.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace:
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear:
Come, and spread thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
 Lowly, meek in thought and w
 Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
 Each the othe's burden bear:
 To thy church thy pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holines!

6 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above:
 On the wings of angels fly;
 Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N L X V.

1 **O** Thou God of my salvation !
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
 Thou haft died my heart to win
 I will praife thee ;
 Where shall I thy praife begin ?

2 Though unseen I love the Saviour,
 He hath brought salvation near,
 Manifests his pard'ning favour,
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel-choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM !
 I with them would still be vying;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 Oh how precious
 Is the sound of Jesu's name.

4 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
 Whence the healing streams arose,
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder
 Dying love's mysterious cause;
 Yet the blessing
 Down to all, to me it flows.

5. This hath set my heart on fire,
 Strongly glows the flame of love;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
 Struggles for its swift remove;
 Then I'll praise thee
 In a nobler strain above.

6 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
 Wondering at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah,
 I sing and praise to Christ belong.

H Y M N LXVI.

Q God, how art my God. Ps. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1 **O** God, my God, my all thou art !
 E'er shines the dawn of rising day :
 Thy sovereign light within my heart,
 Thy all-enliv'ning power display.

I. 3.

2. For:

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
 While in this desert land I live:
 And hungry as I am, and faint,
 Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land behold I place
 My whole desire on thee, O Lord:
 And more I joy to gain thy grace,
 Than all earth's treasure can afford.

4 More ~~near~~ than life itself, thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ;
 And to declare thy praise will prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee, with grateful songs,
 My happy life shall glide away;
 The praise that to thy name belongs
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetnes, while I sing
 Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows:
 Secure in thee, my God, and King
 Of glory that no period knows.

7 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
 Then let, or earth, or hell assail;
 Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
 For whom thou fav'st, he ne'er ~~shd~~ fail.

H Y M N LXVII.

Love of God better than Life. Psalm lxi.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim;
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest.

Tr

The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
It would a tiresome burden prove
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Pf. cxxxix. 1, 12, 24.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart..

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee;
 Oh let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

H Y M N LXIX.

Review of God's Mercies.

1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God
 My rising soul surveys,
 Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
 In wonder, love, and praise?

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 While in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd.
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N LXX.

Heavenly. Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 The

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas.

3 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;
 He will send down his heav'nly pow' ;
 To carry us above.

4 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin :
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes? and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

6 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

7 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry :
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N LXXI.

1 I Want a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.

5 Oh may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

H Y M N LXXII.

Christ the Fountain of Life.

1 FOUNTAIN of life to all below,
 Let thy salvation roll,
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take:
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
 For thy own mercy's sake.

3 Turn

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
 And we shall flow to thee,
 While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
 Of joy the swelling flood :
 Wafted by thee with willing heart
 We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
 Into thy fullness fall,
 Be lost, and swallow'd up in thee,
 Our God, our all in all.

H Y M N LXXITI.

The Name of Jesus.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear?
 It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the wounded breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield, and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Make me a clean heart, O God. Ps. li. 10.

1 **O** For a heart to praise my God!
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, broken, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

K

4 A heart

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd;
 And fill'd with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe!
 Jesu, for thee distrest I am;
 I want thy love to know.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

H Y M N LXXXV.

The faithfulness of God in the Promises.

1 BEGIN my tongue, some heav'ly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wonderous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad,
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

3. Proclaim " Salvation from the Lord,
 " For wretched dying men,"
 His hand hath writ the sacred word,
 With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal bras,
 The mighty promise shines;
 Nor can the powr's of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

5 His ev'ry word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice, that rolls the stars along,
 Spake all the promises.

6 Oh, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, *Thou art mine!*
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure!
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

H Y M N LXXVI.

Prayer for the King and the Royal Family.

1 **L** ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And thy vicegerent's reign;
 Rulers, and governors, and powers:
 And lo! we humbly pray for ours;
 Nor shall we pray in vain.

2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threatening danger ward
 From his anointed head;

Bid all his griefs and troubles cease
 Through paths of righteousness and peace
 To life eternal lead.

3 Cover his enemies with shame,
 Defeat their proud malicious aim,
 And make their councils vain;
 Preserve him, Providence divine,
 And let the long illustrious line
 To latest ages reign.

4 Upon him shower thy blessings down,
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
 With meekness, love, and power!
 With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
 Our nation and our churches bless,
 Till time shall be no more.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

1 FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
 The souls before thy throne;
 Who now present their sacrifice,
 And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well pleas'd in him, thyself declare;
 Thy pardoning love reveal:
 The peaceful answer of our prayer
 To ev'ry conscience seal.

3 On me, on all, some gift bestow;
 Some blessing now impart:
 The seed of life-eternal sow
 In ev'ry waiting heart.

4 Thy

4 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
 And speak our sins forgiven;
 And haste throughout the lump to spread
 The sanctifying leaven.

5 O Father, glorify thy Son,
 And grant what we require;
 For Jesu's sake, the gift send down,
 And answer us by fire.

6 Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which shall to heaven ascend;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

H Y M N . LXXVIII.

Prayer for Minister and People.

1. DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant:
 To proclaim thy wondrous love!
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve:
 Bless, O bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.

2. Now thy gracious word invites them:
 To partake the gospel-feast:
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
 Every foul be Jesu's guest!
 Oh receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

3. Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the power and the seed:

Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed.
 From the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Dismission.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing:
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*,
 O refresh us,
 In this dry and barren place.

2 **T**hanks we give and *adoration*,
 For thy *gospel's* joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our *hearts* and *lives* abound,
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey;
 May we ever
 Reign with *Christ* in endless day.

H Y M N LXXX.

The God of Abraham.

2 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 And

Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love.
 Jehovah, great I AM!
 By earth and heav'n confess;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right-hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and power;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days
 In all my ways:
 He calls a worm his friend!
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

1. **T**HOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

2. The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And wine and oil abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3. There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace:
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

4. He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride:

With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.

H Y M N . LXXXII. P. 3.

1 **B**EFORE the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand ;
 And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Through all their land :
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame ;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wond'rous name.

2 The God who reigns on high
 The great Arch-angels sing,
 And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,
 Almighty King !
 Who was, and is, the same ;
 And evermore shall be ;
 Jehovah—Father—Great I AM !
 We worship Thee.

3 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransom'd nation's how,
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shews his prints of love—
 They kindle—to a flame !
 And found through all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God—and mine!
 I join the heavenly lays,
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

God glorified; and Sinners saved.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
 Their motions speak thy skill:
 And on the wings of every hour,
 We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They shew the labour of thy hands,
 Or imprels of thy feet..

4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms;
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess

Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright seraphs learn *Immanuel's* name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 Oh may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Divine Perfections.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works,
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs.

Strong

Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And can this sovereign King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend!
I love his name, I love his word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

H Y M N LXXXV.

The Offices of CHRIST.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set Thee, *Saviour*, forth

2 But Oh what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our *Redeemer* use
 To teach his heav'nly grace !
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 Lo, the *Great Angel* stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands,
Commission'd, from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
 My tongue shall bless thy name,
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
 My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side.
 Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

1 I Love my *Shepherd's* voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep.
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

2 Jesus, my great *High Priest*,
 Offer'd his blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O thou almighty Lord,
 My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the power, behold I sit
 In willing bonds before thy feet.

4 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down,
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown:
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on;
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power, and guardian grace.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

How dreadful is this Place. Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 **L**O! God is here, let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face!
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
 United choirs of angels sing:
 To him enthron'd above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meander song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone!

To

To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
 Oh! take, Oh! seal them for thy own:
 Thou art the God : thou art the Lord :
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd !

4 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 **H**E comes! the heavenly bridegroom comes,
 Preceded by the midnight cry!
 Sinners and saints forsake their tombs,
 Go forth, and meet him in the sky,

2 How dreadful is the sinner's fate,
 Who wakes at last to sleep no more,
 Who knocks, and calls, alas! too late,
 When death for ever shuts the door.

3 To seal the universal doom
 The Son of man shall bow the sky,
 With all his holy angels come,
 With all his Father's majesty !

4 All nations in that day shall meet,
 Arraign'd at his tremendous bar,
 Behold him on his glorious seat:
 And, O my soul, shall I be there !

5 Most gracious, most tremendous Lord,
 The sentence which proceeds from thee,
 For punishment, as for reward,
 Must stand through all eternity.

6 Ah! give me now thy voice to hear,
 Which calls in mercy so divine,
 That, when thou dost as judge appear,
 Thou may'st acknowledge me for thine.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

The Lord's Day.

1 **T**HE Lord is risen indeed,
 And bids his members rise!
 Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
 Pursue him to the skies:
 This is the day the Lord hath made;
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

2 On this triumphant day
 Peculiarly his own,
 He calls his church to pray,
 And sing around his throne;
 To vie with the redeem'd above,
 Rejoicing in his pardoning love.

3 Jesus, to us impart
 Thy resurrection's power,
 And teach our quicken'd heart
 Its living Lord to adore,
 To vie with the redeem'd above,
 Rejoicing in thy pardoning love.

4 Us by thy peace assure
 Thou dost our sins forgive,
 And then our spirits pure
 Unto thyself receive,
 To keep the day of rest above,
 Rejoicing in thy heavenly love.

H Y M N XC.

The Lord's Day.

1 **T**HE Lord of sabbath let us praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme:
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

H Y M N XCII.

The Atonement.

1 **L**ORD, take my heart, and let it be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee!

Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

- 2 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 3 What are our works but sin and death,
'Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe!
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move
Oh wond'rous grace! Oh boundless love.
- 4 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne?
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost: nor ~~will~~ we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside
"My Lord, my love is crucified."

H Y M N xcii.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, &c. Isaiah Iv.

- 1 **H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call.

R

Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd sin-fick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give:
Leave all you have, and are, behind:
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would you go?
I have the words of endless life.

6 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your soul delight in me.

H Y M N XCIII.

Divine Love.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine, wholly thine, alone I am:
Be thou alone my constant flame!

2 Oh

2 Oh grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone !
 Oh may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown !
 Strange flames far from my heart remove :
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray ?
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee.

4 Unwearied may I this pursue ;
 Dauntless to the high-prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire :
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there.

HYMN XCIV.

Thanksgiving.

1 O H what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace !
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him !

2 How happy the man, whose heart is set free,
 The people that can be joyful in thee !
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
 They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy
 blood,
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory and power;
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence;
 I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence;
 Since I have found favour, he all things will do,
 My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thy own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N XCV.

General Thanksgiving.

1 O Heavenly King, look down from above,
 Assist us to sing thy mercy and love:
 So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
 Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name,
 Our business and strife is thee to proclaim;
 Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace;
 The living, the living shall shew forth thy praise.

3 Our

3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou
Preserv'd by thy word, we worship the
 The bountiful *saviour* of all we enjoy !
 Our tongues to thy honour and lives w

4 But oh ! above all, thy kindness we pr.
 From sin and from thrall which saves th
 Thy Son thou hast given, a world to ,
 And bring us to heaven, whose trust i

5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and re.
 With angels above we lift up our voice
 Thy love each believer shall gladly adc
 For ever and ever, when time is no mo

H Y M N XCVI.

The Praise of Wisdom. Prov. v

1 **H**APPY the man that finds the g
 The blessings of God's chosen
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by lov

2 Happy beyond description he
 Who knows the Saviour dy'd for m
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise !
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
 True riches and immortal praise;
 Riches of Christ on all beftow'd,
 And honour, that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
 Thrice happy who his guest retains:
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

HYMN XCVII.

1 COME thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

2 Jesus our Lord arise,
 Scatter our enemies
 And make them fall!
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made—
 Our souls on thee be stay'd—
 Lord hear our call!

3 Come

3 Come thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword—
 Our pray'r attend!
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success—
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three,
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sov'reign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity,
 Love and adore!

H Y M N XCVIII.

1 **S**ALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound
 What music in our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound!
 A cordial for our fears!

Glory, honour, praise and power!
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord!

2 **Salvation!** let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!

3 **Salvation!** O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN XCIX.

1 **T**HIS building, Lord, alone to thee
We dedicate and give,
Thine only may it ever be,
The off'ring, Lord, receive.

2 Here may thy heav'nly glory rest,
Thy sacred name be known;
And thou by ev'ry heart confes'd,
As Lord and God alone.

3 Prosper the labour of our hands,
To spread thy truth abroad;
That nations near, and distant lands,
May know that thou art God.

4 Proclaim thy pow'r almighty Lord,
Thy truth and love proclaim;
That multitudes may learn thy word,
And love thy holy name.

5 Eternal praise to thee be giv'n,
Since we are taught to know,

Thou art the God of earth and heav'n,
From whom all blessings flow.

6 Within these walls we will proclaim,
The wonders of thy grace,
And sing the glories of thy name,
Till we behold thy face.

H Y M N C.

1 JEHOVAH Lord of heav'n,
By men on earth ador'd,
This sacred church to thee is giv'n,
Accept the off'ring, Lord.

2 Here may thy glory rest,
Here may thy truth be known;
By ev'ry heart thy name confess'd,
And worship thee alone.

3 Here Lord, thyself reveal,
Thy holy truth impart:
The doctrines of thy kingdom seal
On ev'ry waiting heart.

4 Give to thy word success,
That thousands may come in,
With heart and life thy truth profess
And cease from ev'ry sin.

5 A holy church be here,
Built on thy sacred word;
Which shall at length in Heav'n appear
And see thy glory, Lord.

6 From hence may thousands rise,
 Made pure by faith and love;
 Possess their mansions in the skies,
 And sing thy praise above.

H Y M N C I.

1 S AVIOUR, be pleas'd to meet us here,
 And shew some tokens of thy love!
 Now in the midst of us appear,
 And bring down blessings from above:
 And ev'ry time we here adore,
 Supply our wants, from mercy's store.

2 May all that to these courts repair,
 Behold the glories of thy face—
 Be joyful in thy house of pray'r,
 And be replenish'd with thy grace!
 And may the pard'ning love of God
 Within their hearts be shed abroad.

3 When sinners come to hear thy word,
 May it sink deep into their hearts,
 And, by its quick'ning pow'r restor'd,
 Enjoy the life Christ's death imparts!
 Repent, and flee from future wrath,
 And lay fast hold on Christ by faith.

4 May those that groan for liberty
 Their supplications here present,
 And find enlargement, Lord in thee,
 Deliver'd from their banishment!
 And then with heart-felt pleasure tread
 The paths that to salvation lead.

5 May saints find all their wants supply'd,
 And cast on Christ their ev'ry care!
 In faith and love be edify'd,
 And stronger consolations share:
 Then home return, inflam'd with joy,
 And in God's praise their lives employ.

H Y M N CII.

1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode?
 And will he, from his radiant throne,
 Avow our churches for his own?

2 These walls we to thine honour raise—
 Long may they echo with thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place,
 With richest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign—
 Here let the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Transform our hearts by dying love,
 And set them upon things above.

4 Awake, all-conqu'ring arm, awake,
 And hell's extensive empire shake;
 Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe
 On our dead souls that we may live.

5 Thine energetic pow'r display—
 Produce a nation in a day;
 For, at thy word, this barren earth
 Shall travail with a gen'ral birth.

1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here, we trust, thou art—
 Send down a coal of heav'ly fire,
 To warm each frozen heart.

2 Great *Master of assemblies*, hear !
 Thy presence now display :
 As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
 So give us hearts to pray.

3 Within these walls, let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease—
 The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word—
 In faith present our pray'rs ;
 And, in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.

6 Oh, may the gospel's joyful sound,
 (Enforc'd by mighty grace)
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To praise thee in this place..

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P

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My Shepherd is the living Lord
My soul inspir'd with sacred love
My soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name
My soul with patience waits

N

No change of times shou'd ever shock

O

O all ye nations, bless our God
O come loud anthems let us sing
O for an heart to praise my God
O for a thousand tongues to sing
O God, my God, my all thou art
O God, my gracious God, to thee
O God of hosts the mighty Lord
O God our help in ages past
O heavenly King, look down from above
Oh for a sweet inspiring ray
O Holy Ghost into our souls
Oh what shall I do my Saviour to praise
O Lord our languid souls inspire
O Lord thy mercy my sure hope
O Love divine what hast thou done
On Britain long a favour'd isle
O praise the Lord with one consent
O thou God of my salvation
O thou, to whom all creatures bow
O thou to whose all-searching sight
Our Lord is risen from the dead

P

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise

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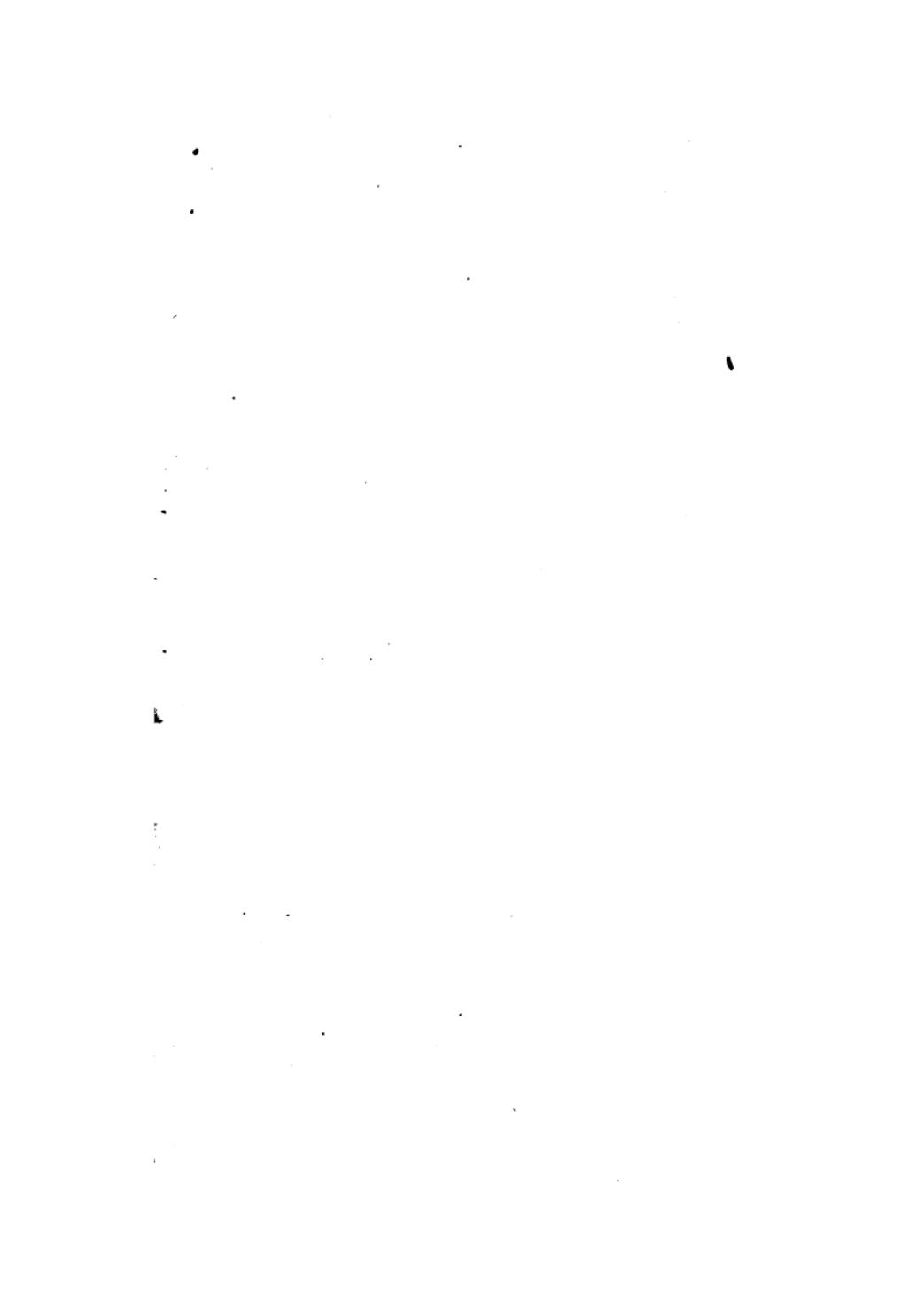
I N D E X.

Pt
To God your voice in anthems raise
To our Redeemers glorious name
Try us O God and search the ground

V
Vouchsafe to keep me Lord this day

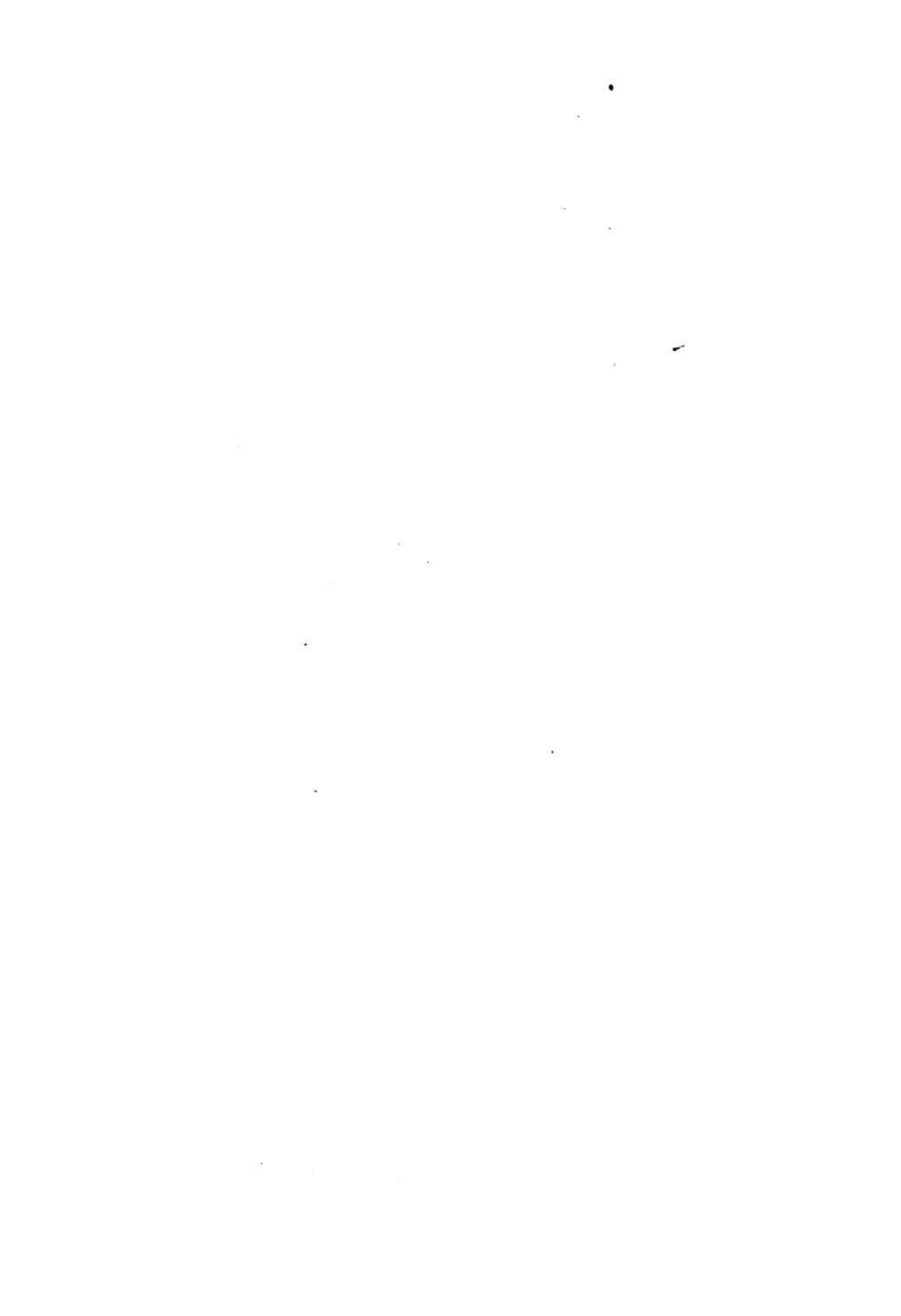
W
We praise our God with one accord
We too the joyful sound have heard
With joy we meditate the grace
When all the mercy's of my God
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
When I survey the wond'rous cross
When shall I hear the inward voice
When shall I see the welcome hour
Where is the holy heav'n-born child

Y
Ye servants of God whose diligent care
Ye that pass by, behold the man
Ye virgin souls arise



1

2



2

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